

The Great

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

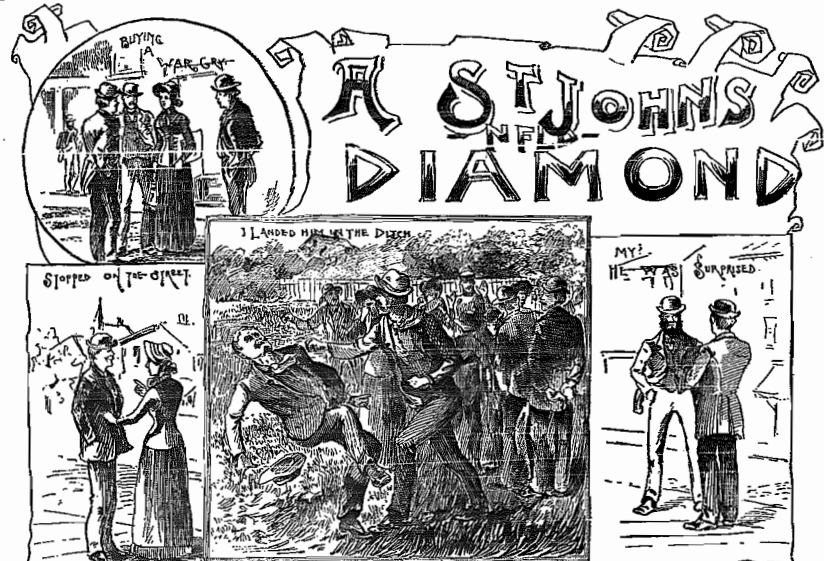
TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 22ND, 1891.

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Hearing that Brother Hunt was sick I called in to see how he was. Very weak indeed in body and suffering considerably, but strong in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and it did my soul good to hear him talk of the wondrous things that Jesus had done for him.

"There wasn't a worse man on the island than I was. I didn't care for anything or anybody. The first I seen of the Army was up on the burrows, having a meeting in the field. There were two or three women and a man. The crowd began pelting them with mud and socks. The man, Staff-Captain Young, used to put out his hand.

AND STOP THE MED BALLS as they whizzed and hit with a spot, but the women used to get struck fearfully with great big dirty socks. Whoever they were, or whatever they were it wasn't right to treat women that way, and I couldn't stand it any longer, and feeling a little throw one, I up, drive, and let him have it, and landed him in the ditch, and that was the signal for a free fight for everybody, and off came coats in all directions, and white shirt-sleeves were flying in the air all round. During the row, the Salvationists

ESCAPED TO A HOUSE, but they were soon followed, and the mob smashed in the windows, and it took a squad of police to get the officers to their quarters.

A day or two after, I and some more of my likes were in one of the coves off Water Street, having a "jack-pot" and tar-pole to raise the beer, and were just going across the street to the beer-shop, when—"Ha! boys, here comes one of our Salvation gals selling papers! Let's have a joke with her."

"Buy a War Cuv?"

"War Cuv? What's that?"

"The Salvation Army cuv."

After some joking, I said, "I suppose I'd better give you the money than the beer-shop," handing her a threepenny piece. She handed me the Cuv and looked me straight in the eyes, and said "God bless you."

NO DRUNKARD CAN ENTER the Kingdom of Heaven." My l that fairly knocked me down. That was now talk to me. She handed me the change, but I told her to keep it.

Several days after, I met the same one, near Stover's, and she stopped me and asked me why I didn't come to the meetings. I didn't know as they had meetings, nor where they were held. She told me, in a cottage. So I kind of promised I would go, after giving her some joking answers, for I was afraid to talk honest with her, after what she said to me before. She didn't seem to make much out of me, but I couldn't help thinking of how she talked to me. I never heard anything like it before, and why did she talk to such a character as me?

"A night or two after, a chum and I found our way to where they were holding meetings, and when we went in she saw us, and shouted out.

"TALKING GOD, PRAYER IS ANSWERED!" My chum thought that was queer, and asked what it meant. Of course I knew, it was like a big thumb to me.

"After the meeting closed, she came down to the door and talked to me, but I joked her as usual, and didn't seem to care, at all what she said, but I felt all she said, I went again, and I told her I would talk square with her, to which she said, "Thank God," which was another thrust at me.

"After some talk, I said, 'Well, I can't be any worse than I am; it won't do me any harm if I do go out to the penitentiary. I can try it, and if I don't get it, why, I won't be any the worse. I will give it a try, as here goes,' and I went. A lot of people were soon praying around me, making a great noise. I prayed, but I got no relief, felt nothing, did the best I could, and I got up, and they asked me to testify. I said, 'Thank God for what He does for me,' but I didn't say I was saved. I was there the next night, and when they asked for some one who wanted to be saved to come out, out I goes.

DETERMINED TO HAVE SALVATION if there was any for me, before I left that house, or die. I prayed in dead earnest. I seemed like as if a cloud was all around me. Some days before, I stole a revolver and a knife from a mate, and when I tried to believe that God saved me, the devil used to come bothering me. Just as I seemed to feel or think I was saved, he came poking himself in front of me. Oh, how I sweated, and shook, and trembled! Oh, what a struggle! That revolver and knife that I stole to sell for whiskey, used to come up in my mind, and I couldn't get clear of it. If I had sold it before I came out to get saved, I would have been clear of it, and I wouldn't have it to bother me now. Just the minute I said I would give it back and tell the man I had it, there seemed to be a star shoot through the darkness, that seemed

LIKE A BIG BANG OF FOG around me, and it came right to me. I was soon on my feet, and said I was saved.

A day or two after, I was in a doctor's office with the fellow I stole the revolver and knife from. We were talking about

the Salvation Army, and I was telling him how I felt and how glad I felt when I got saved, when I thought of the revolver. I remembered what I promised, so I told him that I had his revolver and knife. My l he was surprised. I felt such a blessed feeling come over me, I could hardly manage myself. God blessed me so much."

"Oh, yes, it has not been all sunshine. There has been lots of fighting. I have had plenty. The road to heaven isn't all roses. Through all the dark, hard fight, God kept me true. Oh, what fighting I have had, only Jesus knows. Once, in a church, when the Minister asked for two brothers to lead in prayer. I burst out praying, and started, by saying, 'You are here, you are here,' meaning God was here, and after Ben had prayed—that's Uncle Ben at No. 1,—the Minister got up and said from the pulpit, 'Don't you ever pray in here again like that.' He wanted me to say, 'Thou, O Lord our Father, art here.' Everybody thought sure that would make me backslide. It wasn't long after that before Ben left there."

DON IS A BROTHER to pray and shout, a proper soldier.

I hurt myself by neglect down north at Twillingate, in the cold, in the fall, without my heavy clothes, and it took hold on me. I am very weak now, but feel I am gaining some. I am about blind, but, hallo! Jesus is everything—all I need. I can and do trust Him. Frateo His name."

I read two psalms, and we got on our knees and sang:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8]

is good to be,
is "keeping a.e. E.B.

